

£1,000 OFFERED FOR BEST WAR PHOTOGRAPH

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

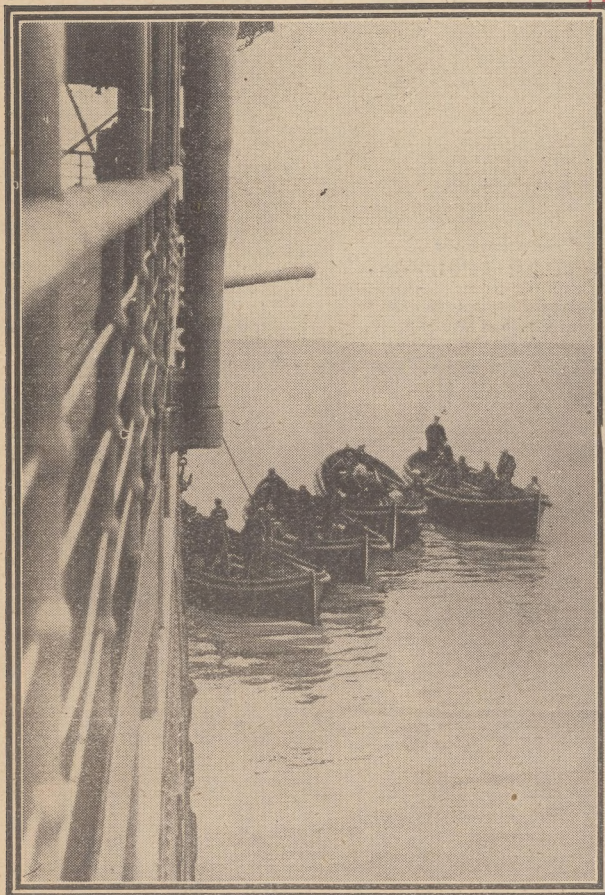
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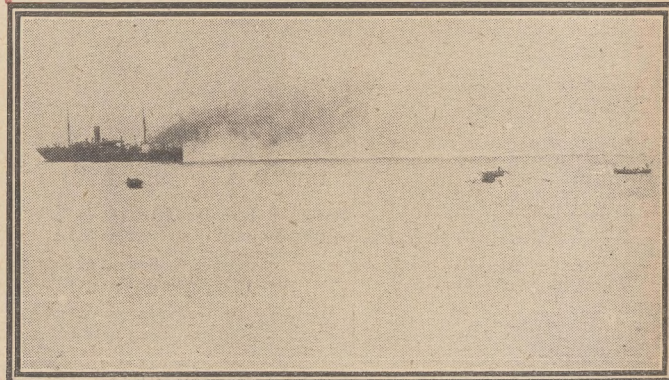
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1915

One Halfpenny.

ARMED BRITISH LINER FIGHTS A SEA DUEL WITH ARMED
GERMAN LINER AND SINKS THE ENEMY.



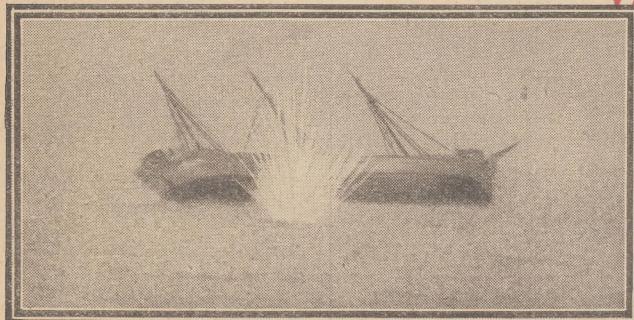
The crew of the Navarra coming alongside the British liner Orama.



The German crew pull away from the burning Navarra.

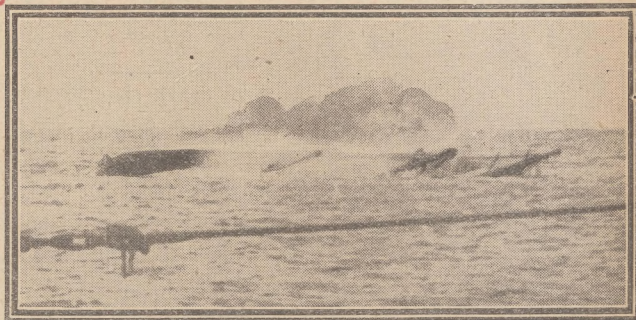


The German liner Navarra listing over. Her decks were a furnace.



The first shell falls in front of deserted ship.

All the romance of the great war at sea does not get published. But we should not forget that Britain is ruling the waves wherever she meets an enemy craft. Here are two dramatic sea incidents. When the armed German liner Navarra met the armed



The deserted ship takes her final plunge.

British liner Orama the British ship sank her. The duel at sea is shown in the photograph. The two bottom photographs illustrate what happened when a deserted German ship was met by an armed British vessel.

WILL THE PRICE OF COAL GO DOWN?

No Shortage in London—Milder Weather and Better Transport.

POOR PAYING MOST.

Will coal prices go down? If the weather keeps fine they should do so. Moreover, Mr. Runciman last week stated that during the past two or three weeks the import of coal by rail into London had been restored to above what it was in the corresponding week of last year.

Yet there is still talk of the likelihood of a further advance in coal prices. Less than a week ago the price went up 2s. a ton. The lowest price for the best coal in the metropolis is now 35s. per ton.

It would be interesting to know how the scheme for supplying coal to the poor at cheap rates is progressing.

Some time after war had been declared fifty-four coal firms offered, on receipt of a ticket issued by a local representative committee, to supply coal free or in nominated cases at the rate of 1s. 2d. per cwt. in the County of London north of the Thames and in West Ham, and 1s. 2½d. in the County of London south of the Thames.

There was a proviso that the total quantity delivered under the scheme should not exceed 100,000 tons between October 1, 1914, and April 30, 1915, and that for the week so far the amount called for on exceed 3,300 tons.

Sir William Bull is to ask the President of the Local Government Board if he will consider the desirability of initiating legislation whereby itinerant coal merchants will be compelled to use enamelled iron plates or some such device to prevent them from raising the prices chalked upon their notice-boards as they journey from street to street.

"OUTLOOK IS NO BETTER."

"The outlook is no better," Mr. Cooper, the manager of Sir Edwin A. Cornwall's well-known coal business, told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"If we get fine, dry, mild weather prices will probably remain as they are for another six weeks."

"If, on the other hand, the weather turns cold prices are likely to go up."

"I am perfectly certain that there is less coal in London to-day than there has been at any time since the great coal strike in 1912."

"London merchants usually keep a certain amount of coal on hand."

"That has all gone, and we are absolutely dependent on the supplies which come from the pit's mouth."

"During the last fortnight the railways have been working better, but we must not count too confidently on the continuance of that improve-

NO COAL PANIC.

Do not pay fancy prices for coal. There is no shortage.

Mr. Runciman last week stated that the import of coal into London by rail was larger than in the corresponding period of last year.

It is only by buying the smallest necessary quantities of coal at a time that the coal dealer will be defeated.

There is no shortage of coal.

ment in view of the use to which the railways may be put for the transport of stores and troops.

"If you get cold weather on the top of that the situation in the coal world must become more difficult."

Here are yesterday's prices and those for the corresponding period of last year:—

	Yesterday's prices.	Last year's.
Per ton		Per ton
Best coal	35s. 0d.	30s. 0d.
House coal	31s. 0d.	28s. 0d.
Best kitchen	34s. 0d.	29s. 0d.
Nuts	34s. 0d.	27s. 6d.
Stove coal	32s. 0d.	23s. 0d.

While coal consumers in London are groaning under the weight of heavy prices, it is refreshing to note the patriotic action of the Brodsworth colliery owners.

In view of the very high quotations for coal and anticipations of further advances they have decided to sell coal at a price not exceeding 15s. per ton at the pit.

In this decision the Brodsworth Company are to be joined by the Hickleton Main Colliery, the Bullerford and the Gledifield.

PATRIOTIC PIT OWNERS.

These four collieries represent an output of upwards of 4,000,000 tons.

The proprietors of these collieries have acted in the hope that their action will be followed by other colliery proprietors with a view to assisting their country and the public in a time of great national crisis.

"It would, of course, be a good thing for the public if other proprietors would fall into line with these four collieries," a London coal merchant told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

Meanwhile the pathetic fact remains that the poorest are paying most for their coal, for, buying coal in small quantities at 2s. per cwt., they are paying at the rate of 22 s. a ton.

While hunting with the Picheley Hounds, it was reported yesterday, Mrs. O. C. Wallis, of West Haddon, collided with Lady Mary Cecil, daughter of Lord Salisbury, and both were thrown. Mrs. Wallis sustained severe concussion, while Lady Mary was unhurt.

DOGS TO MATCH FURS.

Women's Craze for Pets Adds a New Terror to Shopping Expeditions.

YELPING CHAIN VICTIMS.

The pet dog mania has gripped women to such an extent that some now take as many as six dogs with them on their shopping expeditions.

Others, dominated by ideas of fashion, carry dogs to match their furs!

Shopping, indeed, has a new terror. Everyone has an indulgent eye for the dog that is carried by its mistress or which frisks around her, but the dog that is left straining on a chain—fretting, whining, yelping, and which ends up by waiting dismally—in is misery itself and a source of misery to people in general.

Scores of such dogs are now met with at every hour of the day in London's shopping centres. Evidence of the dog mania is to be found everywhere. Yesterday *The Daily Mirror* noticed two women shopping with two pomeranians in their arms; each also had two West Highland terriers on leads.

A woman with a sable coat, muff and stole was seen carrying a dog with a brown coat, while a woman with a grey squirrel coat and a grey chinchilla had, little grey Yorkshire terrier peeping out from among the furs.

Dogs are cheaper than they have been for some time, and many women who have desired little pedigree dogs and who have not been able to afford these can now realise their ambitions.

CUPID AND THE CALL.

Problem of Love and Recruiting in "The Daily Mirror's" Powerful New Serial.

What is the greatest need of the moment? What is it that Great Britain requires more than all else?

There can only be one answer. We want more men at the front!

Britain's sons have responded splendidly to the call from all parts of the Empire—but more patriots are needed; more and more are needed. The issue of the great struggle for freedom is placed beyond all doubt.

In next Monday's monster Dress Number of *The Daily Mirror* there will appear the opening chapters of "The Call," probably the most popular serial we have ever published.

It is by Miss Ruby M. Ayres, whose stories during the last twelve months have jumped so into favour, and in the entertaining way in which Miss Ayres tells a story it will deal with the recruiting side of the war.

In a letter which appeared in yesterday's *Daily Mirror* a correspondent wrote: "A new sort of serial, giving the thousandth of this great crisis, encourage recruiting..." Not "dreadful stories of battle and slain," as the correspondent said, and enlivened by tales of horror and misery."

Miss Ayres has emphatically not written the latter type of story. She has written a human and powerful serial, which deals with the important fringe of the war. But it is not a harrowing war story.

She has taken an ordinary young man who has just ended his school days, and she has written about him, his feelings, and his behaviour when the call comes to him, in a way which will make a very strong appeal to everyone. Look out for next Monday's special issue.

TELL-TALE DATE STAMPS.

On the ground that he acted in good faith and did not know when he obtained the orders or how they were going to be dealt with, the charge against a Dutchman named Willem Fredrik de Bleecourt, a manufacturer's agent, of Amsterdam, of inciting Mr. Carr, the managing director of the Welsbach Lighting Co., to commit an offence against the Trading with the Enemy Act, was dropped yesterday at Bow-street Police Court.

The orders were for glassware and other goods, and an assurance was given that they had been imported into Holland before the war. It was found, however, that the cases were stamped with the date on which they were packed, this being the practice at the Jena factories. The dates were in September, October and November.

LEAP TO DEATH FROM WINDOW.

Strange evidence was given at an inquest held at Whitechapel yesterday concerning the death of Mr. William M. Cobbett, a wealthy Yorkshireman, of Moulton Hall, Middleton, who killed himself by leaping from the third-floor window at the Burlington Hotel. A verdict of Suicide, during temporary insanity was returned.

Mrs. Ethel Cobbett, the widow, said that her husband was on a short visit to London. He had been depressed and ill-health.

She added he had been buying horses for the Government in the neighbourhood of his home, and was rather despondent, as nobody liked to see their horses taken away.

The Coroner: Did he say people had said anything about his horses being taken away? Witness: He rather thought people were under the impression that he was taking their best horses and not his own. As a matter of fact, he took his best horse.

Did he say people cut him or were cruel to him? He said that one friend had cut him.

Witness added that her husband had never threatened to take his life.

TIED UP IN A FLAT.

Man and Woman Accused of Trapping and Robbing Jeweller.

"BLOW FROM A SANDBAG."

A remarkable story of a jeweller who was found gagged and bound in a flat was told yesterday at Bow-street.

Before the Court were Charles William and Annie Fergusson, of St. Martin's-lane. They were remanded on a charge of stealing property worth £1,600 belonging to Mr. W. Gutrowski, a jeweller, of Percy-street, Tottenham Court-road, and with causing him grievous bodily harm.

Mr. Harry Wilson, prosecuting, said on Friday last the prisoners drove to the shop in a taxicab and tied a ring for which they paid £27. They asked for the ring to be sent to Savoy-mansions, just off the Strand, where they had a furnished flat. Mr. Gutrowski was admitted to the flat by the female prisoner and shown by her into the drawing-room.

He placed his jewellery—worth about £1,600—upon a table in this room, with his back to the door, which led to the other room. Suddenly he was struck by a violent blow from a sandbag and rendered unconscious.

He was then tied with ropes and gagged, a wet towel being thrown over his face. He was found by the police in this state of violence and all his jewellery was missing.

Detective-inspector Ashby said just before midnight he went to a back room on the top floor of a house in Upper St. Martin's-lane, and there he saw both the prisoners.

He asked the woman her name, and she said, "Fergusson—you know who I am very well." At Bow-street the prisoners were taken and a four people. When charged Fergusson said, "I am not guilty."

"OUGHT TO APOLOGISE."

Jury's Recommendation in Awarding Damages to Naturalised German.

That defendants should apologise in trade papers was a statement by the jury in the King's Bench yesterday when Mr. Otto S. Ortweiler was awarded £250 damages in a libel action against Messrs. Ormiston and Glass.

Both plaintiff and defendants, said counsel, were fair leather goods merchants, plaintiff being a German who had carried on business for many years in England and had been naturalised.

The alleged libel was contained in circulars issued by defendants in which efforts were made to persuade people that plaintiff was not a British subject, but still an alien. Two of his sons were in a British officers' training corps.

Mr. Ortweiler, giving evidence, said that he ceased to be of German nationality in 1898, when he was naturalised. He became a British subject in 1897.

In 1896 he started business in this country. He had a branch at Frankfurt-on-Main. Fourteen years ago he started a factory at Offenbach.

A certain portion of the goods he made were made in London, the witness said, but was not a leather goods merchant. When war broke out he did not take advantage of the moratorium.

His father-in-law paid his debts at Offenbach, so he was able to get tools, materials and finished goods from there for the purpose of continuing the manufacture in England.

Mr. James Glass, managing director of Messrs. Ormiston and Glass, then gave evidence. There was no marked competition, he said, between his firm and Mr. Ortweiler.

He had no personal spite against Mr. Ortweiler. He was fond of skits, and thought his customers would be amused by what he put in the circular.

HYDE PARK CRIME MYSTERY.

The inquest was opened at Westminster yesterday on Alice Elizabeth Jarman, who was found murdered in Hyde Park on Friday evening, and whose body bore evidence of bayonet wounds. The inquest was adjourned.

The coroner told the jury that the woman was about forty years of age and had been living at 25, Grosvenor-road, near the house for women in Crescent-street, Notting Dale.

Apparently, on Friday she was seen about 4 p.m., and at 7.30 p.m. her body was discovered lying in a ditch which divides Hyde Park from Kensington Gardens, with wounds in her throat and stabbing wounds in her abdomen, arm and chest.

It was difficult to see what was the motive of the murder in committing the crime.

MAKING OF THE BRITISH WAITER.

Boys who intend to become efficient waiters have now an opportunity of proving their mettle. The Incorporated Association of Hotels and Restaurants has decided to support the London County Council School for Waiters by arranging for the entrance of students, who will be paid 5s. a week while at school.

Boys who graduate will be guaranteed employment.

TURKS RUSHED OVER RIVER.

PETROGROD, Feb. 23.—The following communiqué from the Headquarters of the Army in the Caucasus is published here:—

During February 21 there were actions in the Trans-Caucasian region, where the Turks were thrown back across the River Rukhkhah. No fighting has taken place anywhere else.

£1,000 FOR THE BEST WAR PHOTOGRAPH.

"Daily Mirror" Record Offer to Readers for a News Picture.

"PRESS A BUTTON" CHANCE

One thousand pounds for a war photograph!

The Daily Mirror is going to pay that sum, the largest ever offered for a news picture in the history of illustrated journalism, for the most interesting snapshot of a war happening received and published by the Editor between now and July 31.

£250 will be given for the second most interesting photograph, and

£100 for the third. And all other photographs used will be well paid for.

The Editor's decision shall be final.

FILMS DEVELOPED FREE.

The offer is open to all those at the front or on the high seas who may witness interesting war happenings.

"The Daily Mirror," the premier picture newspaper of the world, always has paid handsomely for exclusive photographs of interesting news events, and the above offer of £1,000 for one war photograph creates a new record in photograph values.

Anybody with a camera and the opportunity may obtain £1,000, £250 or £100 by the pressure of a button.

Films will be developed free of charge. Senders' names will not be disclosed.

This offer does not apply to photographs received through picture agencies or from professional photographers.

Send all your war snapshots to "The Daily Mirror," Bouverie-street, London.

SPUR TO AMATEURS.

"The magnificent offer made by *The Daily Mirror* will be a spur to amateurs and will give a great fillip to photography generally," said Mr. F. J. Mortimer, F.R.P.S., the editor of the *Amateur Photographer*, yesterday.

"Since the declaration of war there is no doubt that amateur photography has suffered, partly because it was regarded as a hobby that was something of a luxury and partly because the restrictions enforced by the authorities frightened camera-users."

"But a great amount of outdoor photography is still possible, provided ordinary commonsense is employed and cameras are not used in prohibited areas."

"An important point, therefore, that arises from *The Daily Mirror's* magnificent offer is the revivifying influence that it will exert upon the photographic trade."

"An enormous number of amateurs are serving with the forces, either at home, abroad or on the high seas, and incidents of the greatest human and historical interest are being recorded daily by means of the camera."

"Good descriptions of photography, however, has been done in desultory fashion, without any set purpose in view."

HELP TO THE HISTORIAN.

"*The Daily Mirror's* offer will now provide an added incentive, with the result that both at home and abroad a great number of snapshots of great value to the future historian of the war will be secured."

"Although the camera was first used in the Crimean War, and probably in every war since, there is no doubt that when the complete history of the present war is written it will be the first war to be fully illustrated by reliable photographs taken by actual combatants."

"Many of these pictures probably will be brought into existence through the enterprise shown by *The Daily Mirror*."

"The circumstantial evidence which can be secured by means of the camera has already been demonstrated in the photographs showing the evacuation of Belgium."

"Untouched photographs of war-happenings can be regarded as certificates of fact that can never be approached by the black-and-white artist, who has to rely largely upon his imagination."

"*The Daily Mirror* is to be congratulated on its enterprise," added Mr. Mortimer.

"I hope that a rich harvest of intensely interesting photographs will be its reward, and that the picture that wins the £1,000 may show us the British and Allied troops marching triumphantly through the Unter den Linden!"

PEER AS PUBLICAN.

The Earl of Buckinghamshire, who is a descendant of John Hampden, whose historic mansion he occupies at Hampden, has been granted the full licence of the Hampden Arms in that parish, which formerly only boasted an "off-licence."

The Earl intends to run the establishment on reformed lines, his desire being to afford facilities for "refreshment," and not to push the sale of intoxicants.

According to the *Matin*, says Reuter, of 23,266 foreign volunteers for service in the French Army, 378 were British.

SEA PIRATES ATTEMPT TO TORPEDO CHANNEL PASSENGER BOAT

**Steamer, with 92 Civilians
On Board, Attacked
Off Boulogne.**

**TORPEDO PASSES 30 YDS.
AHEAD OF SHIP.**

**Scandinavian Conference Favours
Naval Convoy for Neutral
Merchantmen.**

**MYSTERY OF 7 AEROPLANES
OFF EAST COAST.**

Another deliberate attempt at murder has been made by German submarine pirates in the Channel.

A torpedo was fired at a cross-Channel passenger boat as she was leaving Boulogne for Folkestone on Monday night, but the aim, fortunately, was bad and the steamer escaped. Details of the attack are given in the following statement issued last night by the Admiralty:

"The Folkestone-Boulogne cross-Channel passenger boat was attacked shortly after leaving Boulogne Harbour by a German submarine."

"The torpedo passed thirty yards ahead of the ship."

"The passengers, numbering ninety-two, consisted of civilians and included among their number some neutrals."

Such an attack, planned deliberately, is clearly attempted murder, for the sea has been outside Boulogne Harbour could not be unaware of the peaceful character of the ship they tried to sink.

Another Norwegian steamer, the Regin, was torpedoed and sunk in daylight yesterday in the Channel. The crew of twenty-two escaped.

**NEUTRAL SHIP BLOWN UP
WITHOUT WARNING.**

**Narrow Escapes of Crew of Norwegian
Steamer Torpedoed in the Channel.**

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

DOVER, Feb. 23.—Another Norwegian steamer was torpedoed and sunk in the English Channel to-day.

The victim was the steamer Regin, of Christiania, almost a new ship, of nearly 2,000 tons register, having been built in 1913.

Her crew of twenty-two were happily all saved, although many had very narrow escapes. The only man on board to be injured was Mr. O. Gjertson, a Norwegian pilot, who is in hospital here with a broken knee-cap.

Half the crew were in their bunks when the explosion occurred. They were landed at Dover about noon, having been rescued from small boats.

I learnt from the men that the Regin was bound to an American port with a full cargo. They anchored off the Kentish coast for some hours owing to foggy weather, and were just raising the anchor at seven o'clock this morning when a violent explosion occurred.

THREE HOURS IN BOATS.

Those on deck were thrown off their feet by the force of the explosion, and others who were below were thrown from their bunks.

It was soon seen that the steamer was sinking. The crew of twenty-two took to the boats and three hours later were picked up and landed at Dover.

When I saw him to-night, Mr. Gjertson, the pilot, was very emphatic that the ship was sunk by a torpedo.

He says the damage to the ship's hull was too far down for it to be the work of a mine, and the Regin was scarcely moving at the moment of the explosion.

2 MORE CHANNEL VICTIMS

Eighteen of the crew of the steamer Brankome Chine, of Cardiff, a Government collier, were landed at Newhaven last night, their vessel having been either mined or torpedoed about twenty miles south-east of Beachy Head about 2 p.m.

The captain and mate are on board a boat standing by the vessel, which is badly damaged and awash. Attempt will be made to take her in tow and beach her.

A larger steamer is reported in distress near the same spot, and lifeboats are in attendance.

MYSTERY LIGHTS AT SEA.

A telegram from Christiansand (Norway) to the National Tidende states, according to a Central News telegram, that the pilot of the Gothenburg steamer Iris reports that on Sunday, off Cape Lindenaes, South Norway, they sighted a

small ship some distance off with two red lanterns, which, he suggested, meant that the boat was in danger.

The captain replied that there was no reason to stop so long as the boat did not send up rockets or give siren signals.

Soon afterwards the boat suddenly disappeared, and the pilot says he believes that it was a submarine, which sank after striking a mine, the waters near Lindenaes being most dangerous owing to drifting mines.

NEUTRAL SHIPS' CONVOY?

COPENHAGEN, Feb. 23.—The joint conference between the Scandinavian Governments regarding the situation in the northern part of the North Sea concludes its deliberations to-night.

Recent events brought about by the declaration of the German blockade has substantially altered the opinion of the conference, which will now recommend a trial of a naval convoy for neutral merchant ships.

The conference arrived at this conclusion only after the greatest hesitation, as the convoy question naturally raises many difficulties.

It would only be natural, for instance, that the Scandinavian Governments should arrange for a joint convoy, and such is favoured, but that is against international law, which stipulates that naval vessels shall only convey ships of their own nationality and flying the flag of their own nation. As Scandinavian interests just now are so wholly one, negotiations will be opened in London and Berlin with the object of obtaining a sort of dispensation from the provisions of international law, so that, for instance, the Danish flag may serve as a convoy for either a Swedish or a Norwegian ship, or vice versa.

It will also be a matter for arrangement how many ships one cruiser or one torpedo boat will be allowed to convoy, and also what position the convoying ships will be in if they enter the territorial waters or harbours of a foreign country.

Another difficulty will be the arrangement for several ships to leave on the same date, as that would interfere with export trade practices as well as with the markets in England.—Exchange.

IRISH SHIPPING WARNED.

The Admiralty issued an announcement last night regarding the restriction of navigation in the Irish Channel.

Mariners are warned that navigation and use of a certain area in the North Channel is entirely forbidden to all ships and vessels of every size and nationality.

After giving details of the forbidden area, the announcement states:—

"All traffic which is to proceed through the North Channel must pass to the south-west of Rathlin Island between sunrise and sunset."

"No ship or vessel is to be within four miles of Rathlin Island between sunset and sunrise. This order is to take effect from to-day onwards."

**NAVAL GUNS BATTERED
TURKISH FORTS.**

**Serious Damage Done in the Dardanelles
Bombardment.**

The Secretary of the Admiralty made the following announcement last night:—

"Unfavourable weather, with low visibility, and the strong south-westerly gale has interrupted the operations at the Dardanelles."

"The outer forts were seriously damaged by the bombardment on the 19th."

**BRITISH SEIZE AND BLOW
UP HUNS' TRENCH.**

**Sir John French's Dispatch on German
Attacks That Failed.**

The Field-Marshal commanding the British Forces in France reported yesterday as follows:—

1. The enemy continues to show considerable activity in the neighbourhood of Ypres, and several attacks and counter-attacks have taken place.

At 4 o'clock on the 21st the enemy exploded an elaborate series of mines, which destroyed one of our trenches. A new line was prepared a short distance in the rear, and was immediately occupied. Any attempt at further progress has been completely frustrated.

2. Near Givency our infantry, after a successful bombardment, captured an enemy's trench and blew it up.

An attempted attack of the enemy along the La Bassée Canal was easily repulsed by our artillery fire.

3. South of the River Lys there has been an increase in artillery and rifle fire, in which our troops have shown marked superiority.

4. Along the remainder of our front only artillery duels have taken place.

5. Thick weather has handicapped the work of our aircraft.

AIR RAID MYSTERY.

A report of another German air raid on the East Coast was received in London last night.

According to a message received at Colchester last evening seven German aeroplanes were seen flying off the East Coast about 4.30 p.m. It was stated that the enemy aircraft were seen over the Maplin Sands, and were then heading for the north-west.

The Maplin Sands, off the Essex coast, extend from Shoeburyness to beyond Foulness Point.

On inquiry by telephone, The Daily Mirror was told by the Colchester police that no news of the raid had been received at the police station.

RUSSIANS' HEROIC FIGHT.

PIETROGRAD, Feb. 23.—A dispatch from the Headquarters Staff of the Commander-in-Chief says:—

The communiqué of February 21, describing the exceptionally difficult position of portions of our Army Corps during the retreat from East Prussia applied to parts of the 22nd Corps, commanded by Lieutenant-General Bulgakoff, and comprising the 29th Division and three reserve regiments of the active Army.

Communication between these corps and the 10th Army having been broken in the events of February 13, the corps found itself in the country between Goldap and Suwalki, surrounded by a German army, whose numbers were constantly increased until the 22nd.

The corps fought heroically against enemy forces several times outnumbering them, and during these days it marched about thirty-two miles, fighting the whole time, and continued to force a passage for itself towards the south-east of the forests of Augustowo.

Men who succeeded in escaping state that the corps was fighting to the last cartridge and until its strength was completely exhausted, valiantly repelling attacks on four fronts.—Reuter.

"LOST 100,000 MEN"—FOE'S ADMISION.

ROME, Feb. 23.—The German Embassy declares that the battle on the East Prussian front cost Germany 100,000 men. The results, therefore, do not appear proportionate to the colossal nature of the effort put forward.—Central News.

**TO CRUSH HUNS BY
WEIGHT OF GOLD.**

**House of Commons Discusses
Scheme Planned at Historic
Conference in Paris.**

'MORE MONEY AND MORE MEN.'

"The Allies have more men and more money than the enemy, and if they keep on they will win."

It was in this confident strain that Mr. Lloyd George spoke last night in the Commons.

He was dealing with the historic conference in Paris between the Finance Ministers of Britain, France and Russia, and the momentous decision arrived at to pool the financial resources of the Allied nations so as to beat Germany.

Sir Thomas Whittaker moved a resolution approving of the decisions of the conference. This country would have to raise a lot of money, and, therefore, there must be great national economy and a tremendous financial strain.

But, if he understood his countrymen right, he thought they would see it through.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain said he was ready to give cordial support to the motion, but it was one which must be discussed with discretion.

ASKED TO SIT DOWN.

Mr. J. King thought some notice ought to be taken of the fact that while we increased our taxation at the beginning of the war our great Allies had decreased their taxation.

We had increased our taxation to help our Allies; they had decreased their taxation to help themselves.

Mr. King was several times called to order, and was eventually asked by the Speaker to resume his seat.

JAPAN'S EYES ON CHINA.

Mr. Gordon Harvey asked the Foreign Secretary whether the Japanese Government was negotiating with the Government of China with a view to acquiring or leasing territory, or to obtaining any exclusive railway or mining or other rights in China.

Sir Edward Grey replied: "I understand that negotiations are proceeding between the two Governments, but his Majesty's Government are not at present in a position to communicate information on the subject."

Mr. Jowett has given notice to ask Sir E. Grey whether he can inform Parliament if the recent statement of M. Sazanoff in the Duma to the effect that Russia intended permanently to occupy Constantinople was made with the approval and knowledge of Britain.

REVENGE ON RHEIMS.

PARIS, Feb. 23.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

West of Lombaertzyde: The enemy made ready to deliver two infantry attacks which, coming under our fire, could not be carried home.

The bombardment of Rheims reported yesterday evening was extremely violent. It lasted for a first period of six hours, which was followed by a second period of five hours, 1,500 shells being aimed at all quarters of the town.

What remains of the cathedral was made a special target, and suffered seriously.

The interior of the vaulted roof, which had resisted up to now, was burst. About twenty houses were set on fire, and twenty people belonging to the civil population were killed.

To the east of the Argonne, between Malancourt and the Meuse, our artillery silenced a German battery and exploded its ammunition wagons.

Along the remainder of the front there is nothing to report.—Reuter.

MORE GERMAN TRENCHES TAKEN.

PARIS, Feb. 23.—The following official communiqué was issued this evening:—

The day has been comparatively quiet, except in Champagne, where fighting continues under good conditions.

We captured new trenches in the region of Beaumont and maintained our gains of the preceding days.

To the north-west of Verdun, at Drillancourt—region of the Bois de Forges—our batteries blew up an ammunition store.

It is confirmed that the Germans suffered very heavy losses in the complete repulse of their attack at the Bois Bouché on the 21st. In Alsace a German attack attempted to debouch from the portion of the village of Stoss-wir, still occupied by the enemy. It was immediately stopped by our fire.—Reuter.

THE KAISER'S BREAD TICKET.

COPENHAGEN, Feb. 22.—A private message from Berlin says that to-day is the first bread card day.

Every German citizen received a card early in the morning.

Every member of the Imperial Family and household was included without distinction, no difference being made between the Kaiser and the most humble servant.—Exchange Special.



The little bridesmaids and pages who were in attendance on Miss Irene Fuller at St. Margaret's, Westminster, yesterday. She was married to Mr. Robert A. S. Waters.

DEATH OF A GENERAL.

P. 6855



Brigadier-General John Edmund Gough, V.C., C.B., C.M.G., A.D.C., has died from wounds. He did great work in the wonderful retreat from Mons.

BELGIUM'S PRINCESS.

P. 1287



The latest portrait of H.R.H. Princess Marie José of Belgium. She is now staying under the care of Lord Curzon in England. —(Photograph by Rita Martin.)

A WAR ROMANCE.

P. 1703.9



Nursing Sister Agnes Balfour Davis, who is engaged to marry Captain Thomas C. Bamford, Machine Gun Commander. They first met at Bulford Manor Hospital, Salisbury Plain.

A WILLING BADGE.

P. 1703.8



Badge presented by Mr. St. Loe Strachey, the High Sheriff of Surrey, to all Surrey men who willingly presented themselves as soldiers, but who could not be accepted.

HE LED TURCOS.

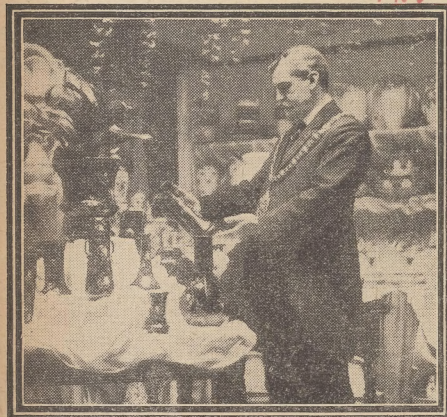
P. 1703.9



Sergeant E. J. Clark, of the 15th Hussars, has received the D.C.M. for leading a band of French Turcos and holding a chateau against the German attack for two hours.

PROUD OF POTTERY.

P. 105



The Mayor of Stoke examining with pride some of the pottery at the Stoke-on-Trent Pottery Fair, which was opened on Monday.

IN THE FIRELIGHT.

P. 2913



A new firelight study of Lady Swaythling, wife of Lord Swaythling, with her eldest son, the Hon. Stuart Montagu, who, it will be seen, is wearing his military uniform.

THE GREY-HAIRED MADE YEARS YOUNGER.

Wonderful Scientific Colour-restoring Process Replaces Dyes and Stains.

SPLENDID METHOD GREY-HAIRED READERS MAY TEST FREE OF COST.

An amazing scientific discovery has made it possible for anyone who is grey-haired to actually restore all the lost original colour to their hair in a remarkably short time.

Harmful dyes, injurious stains, and other methods are all superseded at one blow by this great scientific feat.

Indeed, so important is this new facility for the grey-haired to take the load of years from their appearance that the discoverer has been prevailed upon to allow any reader whose hair is grey, white, beginning to whiten or fading in colour, to test this wonderful method free of all cost.

THE HANDICAPS OF GREYNESS OVERCOME.

Accordingly an invitation is extended to-day by means of the special coupon below to every man or woman whose hair is losing or has already lost its colour. This invitation coupon entitles any reader sending with it simply 2d. stamps for postage to receive a free test supply of the wonderful new scientific preparation ready for immediate use.

Mr. Edwards, whom everybody knows as the inventor of the famous hair-growing exercise, "Harlene" Hair-Drill, is also the discoverer of



If you are Grey-haired you should send at once the Coupon below for your Free Supply of "Astol."

this marvellous hair-rejuvenating substance "Astol," and the supreme importance of his wonderful free offer will be realised at once by every grey or white haired reader.

It means that no longer need you paint your pathetic white or grey hairs with harmful staining preparations; no longer need you appear "too old" whether you are thirty, forty, fifty, or even sixty. If you accept Mr. Edwards' magnificent free gift now, you can in a few weeks restore naturally to your "aged head" all the lost colour of younger days. You will be able to look into your mirror with pride and pleasure in the splendid, healthy lustrous hair that alone can give youthful charm and attraction.

FREE TO THE GREY-HAIRED.

Post the coupon below. Delay not another minute longer. You will receive at once—free of all cost or obligation—

1. A free bottle of "Astol," the wonderful preparation that permanently and quickly stimulates the colouring cells of the hair to fresh vigour, flooding every hair from root to tip with its original colour in splendid, healthy lustre and beauty.
2. Full instructions for use—scientifically formulated but perfectly simple to follow—which show you how easy it is to look young again and recover all your lost attraction.

Use this splendid free gift as instructed. You will be delighted beyond measure with the magnificent improvement in your appearance. You can, too, always obtain further supplies of "Astol" from your chemist at any time at 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. a bottle, or direct, post free, on remittance from the Edwards "Harlene" Co., 20-26, Lamb's Conduit-street, London, W.C. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed.

Post this "GIFT OF YOUTH" COUPON

To the EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,
20-26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me a free trial supply of "Astol" with full particulars how I may restore my grey hair to its former colour. I enclose 2d. stamps for postage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

Name

Address

Daily Mirror, 24-25.

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1915.

PREACHING TO PARSONS.

PEOPLE of whatever doctrinal persuasion may agree in confessing a certain sympathy for the Parson in his position during this war. In England no body of men are, perhaps, more criticised, and criticised more ignorantly, than clergymen. Roughly, we may say, that almost everything that happens is held to be their fault. And thus, at the beginning of the war, we heard many say that "the Churches ought to have stopped it."

Now it is perfectly true that, before the war broke out, the Church, instead of trying to spread peace and goodwill amongst men, which we take to be one of its main motives in existence, was engaged in busily setting the example of quarrels within itself. Who now heeds Kikuyu? Yet such matters bulked so large before the war as to divert the Churches from bringing in peace and goodwill. For this, however, our village Parson and our Parish Priest round the corner need not be held directly responsible. They might answer: "We do not preach the world, but the other world. The world will not hear us. The world quarrels. Is that not the world's fault?"

Nevertheless, many men persist in repeating: "What moral influence have Churches since this is the state of Europe?" And they tap their daily papers, vindictively.

But now having—it is a plain fact—failed to stop the war—that is, to transform the world—the village Parson and our friend the Parish Priest are told that they ought to go and fight in it.

They ought to have stopped it first. Then, once it had begun, they ought to defend it and justify it. And then, running with speed from their pulpits, they should put on khaki and fight in it. Finally, war being over, they should come back and tell us how bad war is again.

Well, we will not be so bold as many of those now writing to *The Times* on this very point: we will not tell the Parsons what they should or should not have done. Of one thing, however, we are certain; and that is that, whatever they had done, they would have been severely criticised for doing it. It seems, in the English Church at least, that Church people like nothing better than to appoint men to teach them how to behave, and then to teach those men how to behave. On the whole, our clergy bear it patiently. They fight, and people say they oughtn't to fight. They don't fight, and people say they ought to be fighting. We all want to teach them their business.

Let them be consoled by taking all this for a testimony to the worth of their ministry. We do not try to teach lawyers their business, because we know it's no use. What can you do with lawyers? Their business is with quarrels, and, when a big quarrel comes, naturally we expect the combative to be at the front. We do not preach at actors, because we must have a few theatres. We let journalists alone. . . . But here we are dumb. Only to parsons do we all perpetually preach, and, presumably, we do this as a means of revenging ourselves, on weekdays, for their superiority over us on Sundays and other festivals.

W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

In my opinion the want of occupation is no less the plague of society than of solitude. Nothing is so apt to narrow the mind; nothing produces more trifling, silly stories, mischief-making lies, than being eternally shut up in a room with one another, reduced, as the only alternative, to be constantly twaddling. When everybody is occupied, we only speak when we have something to say; but when we are doing nothing, we are compelled to be always talking; and of all torments, that is the most annoying and the most dangerous.—Rousseau.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

WHEN Wellington invaded France in December, 1814, after having driven the French out of Spain, he posted up the following proclamation:

"Upon entering your country, learn that I have given the most positive orders (a translation of which is subjoined to this) to prevent those evils which are the ordinary consequence of invasion which you know is the result of that which your Government made into Spain and of the triumphs of the allied army under my command.

You may be certain that I will carry these orders into execution, and I request of you to cause to be arrested, and conveyed to my headquarters, all those who contrary to these dis-

have to grumble still more! In war time dresses ought to cost as little as possible, and, unless all women refuse the "new" fashion, wage-earning women will be unable to have new dresses at all. Then what would the dressmakers say?

BRITAIN.

ACCORDING to the new fashions every woman is expected to adapt herself to a revolution involving extravagance at the expense of comfort and economy. I doubt whether the "shoulder-cock" mode will become any woman over thirty, and I am certain it will not be an improvement in the appearance of most women under that age. The present style of skirt is comfortable, economical and becoming. Why make a change for change's sake in these serious times? After all, there has never been a fashion which,

THE MAD WILLIES' WAR UPON NEUTRALS.



As the German madness increases, they begin more and more to feel themselves "up against" the world. Now they are attacking and sinking neutral ships. Soon, we suppose, they will be blowing up birds and beasts equally neutral, or trying, as a last resort, to knock the earth itself to pieces.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

positions do you any injury. But it is requisite that you should remain in your houses, and take no part whatever in the operations of the war of which your country is going to become the theatre.—(Signed) WELLINGTON.

So strongly impressed was Louis XVIII. with the discipline preserved by the British Army after their entry into France after Waterloo that he requested Wellington to present the principal officers to him at the Tuilleries, where, forming them in a circle round him, he said:—"Gentlemen, I am happy to see you around me. I have to thank you, gentlemen, not for your valour—I leave that to others—but for your humanity to my poor people.

"I thank you, gentlemen, as a father in the name of his children."

He did not thank the Prussians.

ALBERT CLOSE.

NO "FULL" SKIRTS!

DRESSMAKERS, we notice, are grumbling at lack of work.

Well, if the ridiculous fashion of "full skirts" reappears we are afraid the dressmakers will

like the present, had the dual merit of suiting most women as well as being sensible and economical.

Women with any common sense and self-respect will, I trust, make a dead set against this latest stupidity in the idea of dressing to order.

West Kensington.

A DREAM.

Once in a dream (for once I dreamed of you) We stood together in an open field; Above our heads two swift-winged pigeons wheeled, Sporting at ease and cooing full in view. When lo! still a broadening darkness flew, Down-swooping, and a ravenous hawk reviled; Too weak to fight, too fond to fly, they yield; So farewell life and love and pleasures new.

Then as their plumes fell fluttering to the ground, Their snow-white plumage flecked with crimson drops.

I wept, and thought I turned towards you to weep: But you were gone; while rustling hedgerow tops Bent in a wind which bore to me a sound Of far-off piteous bleat of lambs and sheep.

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

KHAKI ROMANCE.

How to Hit the Happy Mean for Wartime Reading.

THE NEW SORT OF FICTION.

I HAVE just finished reading a novel about a rich young man "with nothing to do."

As usually happens in such cases he runs amuck, spends his money and marries a naughty person. Naughty person nearly ruins him, then obligingly dies. Young man marries nice person and ends happily.

Now this is emphatically not what I want just now. My nephew (home from the front) had a try at the book. "That fellow ought to have joined this squash," was his remark. Just what I couldn't help thinking all the time I was reading the book, or rather trying to read it, for I couldn't go into the middle; the end I always read first.

Now I agree with your correspondent that we want a new sort of novel for wartime and that it ought, in a sense, to be about the war. Or it ought to have something to do with the war. I don't know what something, but something. Not bombs, as your correspondent rightly says—not bombs or bayonets, but khaki. The sort of problem that arises in a time like this.

Anyhow, this war has, amongst its other achievements, slain the old fiction. We all want something more vital and stronger. E. M. DE C. Bath-road, Reading.

TO HELP RECRUITING.

IT strikes me that a good rousing story might well be the best means available of getting men for our new armies. Novels have done wonderful things in the way of influencing people before now in the world. Why not give us a tale that will send men to the front in thousands?

S. L.

Hallgate, Doncaster.

[Our correspondents will, we hope, find the happy mean between bombs and the old frivolity in the new serial which we begin on Monday. It is a "khaki romance" in the sense that it deals with the problems connected with the war—especially the recruiting problem; but it is not full of war horrors. This serial will probably excite a wider interest than any we have ever published.—Ed. D.M.]

"SHORTAGE OF HUSBANDS."

PERMIT me to applaud "Single" very brilliant and sensible rebuke to those feminine whiners who are commencing to deplore the possible shortage—after the trappings of marriageable men.

Yes, surely, sentimentality is sickening, and women, who have no other interest in life but that of setting snares for husbands are deserving of more pity than blame.

I speak, after the manner of a woman who, in a weak moment, sacrificed my birthright of independence for a mess of pottage—the matrimonial yoke. I soon had reasons to regret my sentimental folly. I discovered after two years that domestic drudgery hardly compensates for the loss of one's individuality, while it affords small scope for the exercise of the higher faculties.

In a word, I fail to see how the marriage state elevates a woman—and how, with its monotonous round of hourly and daily toil and incidents it can appeal to women who have any pretensions to intelligence. A FREE WOMAN.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 23.—The hardy azaleas will move well now, and may be set out any time during dry weather. These are some of the most beautiful shrubs we can grow.

The Japanese azaleas (mollis) produce flowers in shades of flame, rose, orange and yellow, while the Ghent azaleas (pontica) are equally useful and brilliant in colouring. It is a wise and to set lilacs and hardy heaths among them.

E. F. T.

MONKS TEACH BELGIAN REFUGEES FARMING.

P. 11911 D.



The monks of Woodbarton Monastery, near Kingsbridge, South Devon, who belong to the Cistercian Order, are now teaching a number of Belgian refugees the arts of farming. In the photographs the refugees are seen looking after honey bees, while one young Belgian is giving a drink of milk to a little lamb. Seven monks left this monastery to fight for France.

AN ABANDONED GUN.

P. 1423 B.



A party of German soldiers in Poland who were photographed with a gun abandoned by the Russians in retreat.

GERMAN SNIPERS CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

P. 1410 Z.



A party of German snipers who were caught by some French infantry as they were in the act of destroying French railway lines.

A NEW 'SUZANNE'

P. 17024



Mile. Lyuba Liskoff, who is now appearing as Suzanne in "The Girl in the Taxi," at the Garrick Theatre. Mile. Lyuba Liskoff is a charming Russian actress who is fast endearing herself to British audiences in this successful musical play.

FAMOUS ATHLETE KILLED.

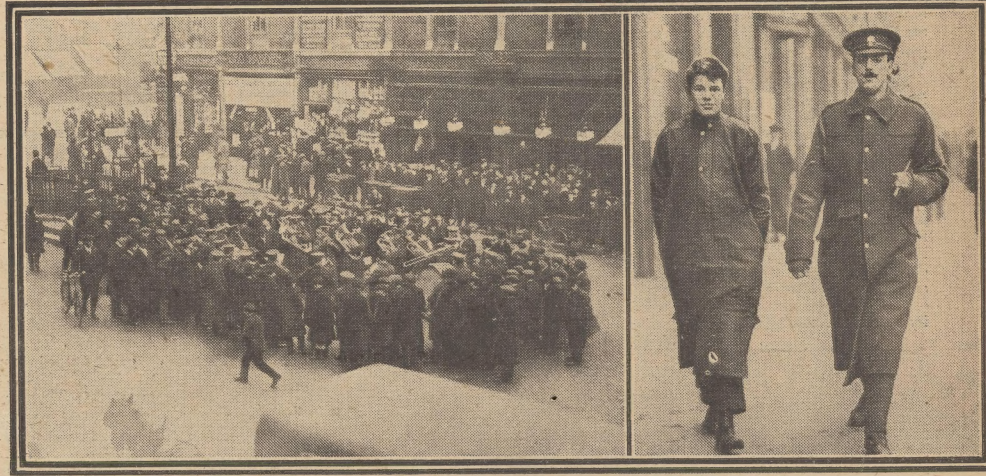
P. 2163



Kenneth Powell, the famous hurdler and lawn tennis player, who has been killed. He was serving with the H.A.C.

MILITARY BAND IN MEAT MARKET MAKES BUTCHER ENLIST.

P. 5666



The 3rd City of London Royal Fusiliers are using a band to attract recruits. The band has been playing with very good results in the Farringdon-road Meat Market. As will be seen in one of the photographs, a butcher's lad the other day enlisted in his smock, and he was the subject of much good-humoured chaff from his comrades in the market.

ITED BY THE QUEEN.

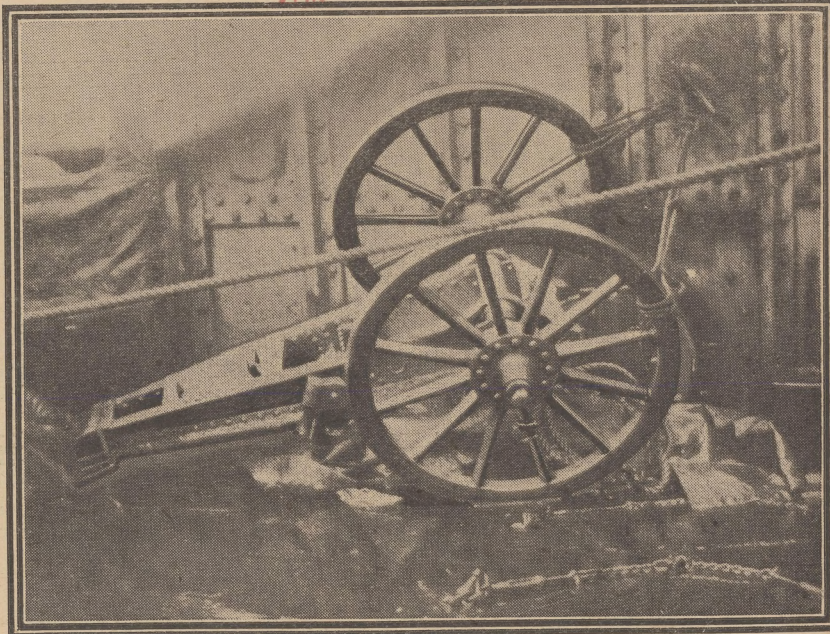
P. 17039



eslin, the wife of Private Heslin, of the Irish Guards, who is now
er in Germany, received a surprise visit from Queen Mary in her
Bermondsey home.

GUN THAT RAN AMOK MADE PRISONER.

P. 1710



A gun on board a ship lashed up after being torn away from its securing chains by the swell of a heavy sea. The
securing chains are seen in the foreground. A gun torn from its moorings on a ship is a terrible agent of destruc-
tion and danger.

TE A NEW BEAT FOR THESE POLICEMEN.

P. 17038



are five members of the Metropolitan Police. They were all Naval Reserve
and have been called up for service. They are seen on board H.M.S. Talbot
with their pet terrier.

ANOTHER IRISH HERO.

P. 17039



Lance-Corporal William Kenny, V.C., of
the Gordon Highlanders, twice saved the
machine-guns under heavy fire.

DIED FOR COMRADE.

P. 17039



Private H. G. F. Mead, who was killed while
attempting to save a comrade. He was
awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

A YOUTHFUL PIRATE.

P. 126 F



Prince Ernst Heinrich, the youthful son of the
King of Saxony, who is serving on the Ger-
man submarine U21, which has hoisted the
Jolly Roger in the Irish Sea.

'I WILL GIVE AWAY 50,000 BOTTLES—FREE'

BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, INFLUENZA, CONSUMPTION

The Diseases that baffle the Doctors.

The Marvellous "Liq-u-fruta" cure for—
—Chronic Asthma of 20 years' standing.
—Terrible Racking Bronchitis.
—Lung Trouble when Sanatoria and Medical treatment had failed.

—Blood Spitting
—Tearing Coughs
—Bronchial Catarrh
—Pneumonia
—Laryngitis
—Night Sweats
—Quinsy
—Lung Hemorrhage
—Whooping Cough
—Croup
—Nasal Catarrh
—Loss of Flesh
—Racking Cough
—Influenza

Mrs. Whitworth, of Bulwell, near Nottingham, says, on February 8, that her husband has suffered from advanced Consumption for two years, and after being recently discharged from the Sanatorium had lost all hope. He had a large cavity in his lungs, he coughed incessantly, and had become so weak that his legs shook under him, and, of course, work was impossible, as he could not lift the slightest weight because he continually brought up blood. Now note what occurred when Liq-u-fruta was administered. A friend brought him three weeks since a small bottle of Liq-u-fruta, and he was so despondent it was with difficulty he could be persuaded to take it. However, in three days he "did not feel so tired, and that his appetite was better." Then we obtained more Liq-u-fruta, and all his friends said he looked better; then he got upon the scales and found he had gained 7lb. The wife adds: "You may be sure words could tell how pleased we are. Liq-u-fruta has given him new hope, and we are looking for big things."

BRONCHITIS KILLED 721 PERSONS IN LONDON IN THE FIRST THREE WEEKS THIS YEAR.—"Evening News," Jan. 29.

"Liq-u-fruta" has cured hundreds of thousands of the worst cases of Bronchitis and Asthma—it cures every case—there is never a failure—there is not one recorded death from Bronchitis or Asthma when once "Liq-u-fruta" has been administered. Medical aid has utterly failed to grapple with Bronchitis and Asthma—these diseases baffle the doctors, but Mr. Home-Newcombe solemnly states in firm and unassailable conviction that had "Liq-u-fruta" been given to the 721 persons referred to above, not one need have perished, but every life might have been saved.

'IT SAVED MY ONLY SON'S LIFE'

My only son lay at the point of death, suffering from several of the above diseases—the most skilled physicians had done their utmost, but unavailingly, for at last my doctor told me nothing more could be done and that I must be prepared for the end.

Then it was that I discovered LIQ-U-FRUTA, and cured my only son.

"LIQ-U-FRUTA" miraculously saved his life, and since that date lives of hundreds of thousands of others. (Signed) W. HOME-NEWCOMBE.



As supplied to the Household of H.M. the King at Windsor Castle.

Mrs. Matfield, of Moorfield, writes on February 9—
Two of her children have for two years been consumptive, and attending the Tubercular Dispensary, and both have undergone sanatoria treatment unsuccessfully, for they were worse since their return home.

She herself was ordered to the Sanatorium, and has been discharged by the doctor as incurable. Now for her own words: "I went to the Chemist for my Liq-u-fruta, and he asked if the Sanatorium had done no any good. I told him, No. I really owe my life to Liq-u-fruta. He told me how much better I looked. I said, 'Everybody I meet keeps telling me so. I have gained 34lb. in three weeks, and I am now feeling up to the mark, whilst at the Sanatorium, I lost 7lb. in 4 weeks, and Doctor said I was incurable. I wish I had only known about Liq-u-fruta sooner. The Chemist said to my little boy, age 7: 'Do you like Liq-u-fruta?' The child said, 'Yes, I do, for when Mummy fetched me home from hospital I had a bad pain. When I coughed and she gave me a dose of Liq-u-fruta my pains had gone in the morning.' He told the Chemist to fill his window up with Liq-u-fruta, and recommended it to all his customers. He said, 'I will, for it has worked marvels with you.' Liq-u-fruta is a remedy that never fails."

A Cough and "LIQ-U-FRUTA" Cannot Exist Together. "Liq-u-fruta" is obtainable from all the 555 branches of Rood's Cash Chemists, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White and Co., and all Chemists or Stores, in 141, 2, 3, 4, and 6, or direct and at a discount from Mr. Home-Newcombe, 605, Chancery Lane, London E.C. (Abroad postage extra.)

FREE COUPON

To Mr. W. Home-Newcombe, 605, Chancery Lane, London, E.C.

I enclose 3d. in stamps (abroad 6d.) for (postage and packing) for a test bottle of "LIQ-U-FRUTA." I have not previously had a free bottle.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

For an extra 1d. stamp my book, "Worth its Weight in Gold," will be sent.

Liq-u-fruta
CURES EVERYTHING WITH A COUGH IN IT.

BURWICK'S FREE 10,000 BOTTLES OF
WARNOL HAIR & SCALP TONIC
To be given away with each bottle a packet of exquisitely perfumed Shampoo Powder Free.
Warnol grows New Hair, stops Hair falling, cures Scurf, Irritation, creates colour in the hair. Send 2 stamps for postage to **WARNOL OLIVE, Ltd.**, Room 3, 4, Holles Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.
Sold by all Chemists, 1/-, 2/6, 4/6 bottles.

The Best BAKING POWDER in the World.

Ivelcon
PRIME BEEF AND VEGETABLES IN CUBES

FOR—Soldiers at the Front, Soldiers in camp at home, Sailors in the North Sea, Invalids and Children, Everyone who appreciates a steaming hot cup of delicious beef-beverage. If you're cold it warms you up. If you're warm it keeps out the cold. Made in a moment by simply adding boiling water to a cube.

6 cubes 6d., 12, 1/-; 50, 3/6. Grocers & Stores. St. Ivel Ltd., Yeovil.

STOUTNESS VANISHES QUICKLY.

LADY REDUCES HER WEIGHT THIRTY-SIX POUNDS IN FIVE WEEKS WITHOUT THE AID OF DRUGS.

All Readers will be Furnished Absolutely Free with Copy of Interesting Book, which Tells how Anyone Can Easily Reduce Themselves by Her Method in Their Own Home, Without the Knowledge of Closest Friends.

DOUBLE CHIN AND FAT HIPS GO QUICKLY. Over 25,000 Men and Women Have Reduced Their Weight by Her Method



This illustrates the result of Miss Hartland's method.

WINIFRED GRACE HARTLAND is making one of the most remarkable offers that any woman ever made to her fellow-beings. This charming creature is doing her utmost to benefit men and women who had thought themselves doomed by being obliged to carry around a horrible burden of superfluous fat. Experience has taught her that her method will make their life sweeter and lovelier in every way. She personally reduced herself 36lb. in five weeks, and made herself a well, strong woman after she had tried everything she heard of. No poisonous drugs, no harmful exercises, no starvation diet, but the simplest of home methods, is today responsible for her beautiful, willowy figure. Miss Hartland explains in her book how any overstout woman may do the same thing that she herself did by Nature's own method, and have the beautiful lines of figure so much admired. Many women look ten or fifteen years younger since using Miss Hartland's system of

Fat Reduction, and are much improved, not only in appearance, but in general health. Her method reduces burdensome fat from any part of the body—a reduction that lasts. Large numbers of grateful letters are pouring into Miss Hartland daily, and it will not be long before the present edition of her book will be exhausted. The book is just off the press, and it is certainly a work of art. Beautiful photographs lend an artistic touch to the fascinating style in which the book is written. It is wonderfully instructive, and it is proving a great benefit to the over-stout.

Miss Hartland, who has considerable means, has kindly consented to send a copy of her book free to anyone interested in her discovery. All she asks is that a penny stamp be enclosed for postage. Simply state that you would like a copy of her book, "Weight Reduction Without Drugs," and address your letter to Miss Winifred Grace Hartland (Dept. 803), Diamond House, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

Chivers' Strawberry Jam
CHOICEST HOME-GROWN FRUIT AND REFINED SUGAR ONLY
MADE IN SILVER-LINED PANS
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR CHIVERS' WITH THE GUARANTEE OF PURITY ON THE JAR
Chivers & Sons, Ltd., The Orchard Factory, Histon, Cambs.

'Hairs Never Return'
EJECTAIR, although inexpensive, is a certain, safe and sure cure for unsightly hairs on the face or elsewhere. It not only causes the hairs to instantly vanish, but without pain or harm kills the roots absolutely and for ever. Sent in plain cover for 7d., with reports and actual testimonials from grateful customers. EJECTAIR will remove any hair. EJECTAIR is really a lasting, Permanent Cure. Send now 7d. stamps to THE EJECTAIR CO., Dept. D.M., 682, Holloway Rd., London, N.

INDIAN "LUCKY STONE" FREE.
Do you want to change your luck? Do you want to be fortunate in life, successful in business, and to have everything come your way? If so you should possess my real Indian "Lucky Stone," which has won you good luck and happiness to thousands. In order to further introduce these mysterious and lucky stones from Ceylon, I am giving away a limited number. Write to-day for booklet about the "Lucky Stone," containing letters from people who possess them, together with free offer.
RICHARD S. FIELD, 55, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.
AMBASSADORS—Mdes. Delysia, Henaka, Slim, Carroll, Halloway, Messrs. Playfair, Morton in Harry Graham's Revue, "ODDS AND ENDS," at 9. Preceded by Hanako in "O'Clock," at 8.30. Mat. Thurs. and Sat. 2.30.
APOLLO—2.30 and 8.30.—Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY presents A BUSY DAY, by Mr. R. G. Carlton.
At 2 and 8, Cmas. Corp. ARE YOU A MASON? TO-DAY, 3.30 and 8.30, by Mr. Ernest Hastings.
DOLBY, Leicester-square. TO-DAY, at 2 and 8, KIP, Weds. and Sat. at 2. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS Production, A COUNTRY GIRL. (Special Reduced Prices)
DRURY LANE, "SLEEPING BEAUTY BEAUTIFIED." To-day, 2.30 and 7.30. Last Mat. Thurs. and Sat. 1.30 George Graves, Will Evans, Bertram Wallis, Renee Mayer.
Naked 4 nights.
GARRICK. 2.30 and 8.30. THE GIRL IN THE TAXI. Mata, Weds. Thurs. Sat. at 2.30. Tel. Gerrard 9513.
GLOBE—To-day, 2.30. Evns. 8.15. Mat. Wed. Sat. 2.30. MISS LADYBIRD, by Mrs. O. J. FROST.
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HILLARY AYNESWORTH, ELLIS JEFFREYS, GODFREY TRAPLE, N. G. Webb, Thurs. Sat. 8.15. Mat. 7.30. HIS MAJESTY'S.
To-day, at 2 and 8. Matinees, Weds. Wed. 2.30. Extra Matinees, To-morrow (Thursday) and March 4.
HERBERT TREE. EVELYN MELBARD 2.
KINGSWAY. 2.30 and 8.30. FANNY'S FIRST PLAY. LENA ASHLEIGH, HENRY AINLEY. Mat. Wed. Sat.
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"She is a woman, therefore may be won."

FAY'S STRANGE MOOD.

AT the end of his last dramatic interview at Ashley's house in Kensington—that interview which, beginning in storm, had ended with such an unnatural calm—Lionel, succeeding, as he thought, in extracting a promise from his brother to release the Delavays, had gone without seeing any more of Fay.

The last glimpse he had had of her was when she had swept so tempestuously from the room, followed by the meek and subservient Paker. Although in the midst of his other obsessions the incident made but a feeble impression on him at the time, the image stamped upon his brain must have been deeply engraved than he thought, for during the intervening days it seemed to grow and deepen until he could only think of her as a violent and very dangerous virago.

Yet if he could have seen her five minutes later, when she came back to the library, he might have altered his opinion.

The sudden volcanic eruption of wrath had spent itself and left her even more pale and trembling than before. Why she went back at all she could not have said, except that it was perhaps due to a vague feeling at the back of her mind that her only salvation now lay in braving the matter out and in facing her indignant husband at any cost.

That she dared not tell him the truth she was fully aware, and the lies in her armoury were all spent. Yet she went back and prepared herself as well as she could for the scene she thought was coming.

But it never came. To her bewilderment, Ashley not only made no reference to the sneering accusations he had so freely hurled at her a few minutes before, but he had a hang-dog look about him as if he were either ashamed of himself or still terrified at the violence of her recent outburst.

Nevertheless, her bewilderment was only vague; not that active astonishment which such a short time ago would have set her brain to work foaming to understand what the new development meant, but a sort of dull wonder which was indeed all her mind was now capable of feeling.

She knew that Ashley was palpably nervous, and she waited for him to begin.

"Has Paker gone?" he asked presently. The question was uttered in a tone which was intended to be casual, if not propitiatory.

"Yes," she replied; "did you want him again?"

She spoke in an even, monotonous voice and, turning her back on him, walked over to the window.

"No," said Ashley, casually as before. He was looking at the slender, diminutive form of the woman who stood there still breathing deeply from the emotions through which she had passed, and his soul hungered for her. She was leaning her elbow against the frame of the window, showing the perfection of her white, rounded arms.

It was done unconsciously, for she was past poses now, and in spite of that, or perhaps even because of it, her attitude smote his heart with a full sense of his love. She looked to him so very small and lonely against that wide sweep of curtain; so humble and oppressed that if he dared he would have taken her in his arms.

"Fay," he said gently.

"Yes," she replied, without looking round.

"Come over here and talk to me."

She only half obeyed, turning round to face him with something like wonder on her face.

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JUST LIKE OTHER MEN

The Cross Currents of a Girl's Love.

By ALEXANDER CRAWFORD

but she made no effort to leave her position by the window.

"I am afraid," he said furtively, "I made rather a cad of myself just now."

"Did you?"

"Well, yes, in a way I did. I was angry, you see; then I thought you had been meeting Lionel secretly. He paused abruptly, the sensation he had of talking to an inanimate statue becoming almost overpowering. "You must blame yourself for it a little, my love," he went on nervously. "Of course, I understand you must have had some good reason for it, but you didn't tell me the truth, did you? You must admit that? You said it was Paker who called just now, and it wasn't."

"Oh, it wasn't!"

There was not much in the passionless repetition of his words, but to him it seemed to sound the doom of his intimacy and to raise between them a barrier high as the stars. It meant that she had nothing to discuss with him, nothing to explain, that the matter must be for ever like a great gulf between them.

He persisted, however, more from desire to put himself right in her eyes than from any expectation of getting the truth.

"It naturally made me suspicious," he said, "and I forgot myself. I am sorry; I can't say any more than that. You will forgive me, Fay?"

"Oh, yes, if it gives you any satisfaction," she said wearily. "You don't want me any longer, do you?"

"No," he said. It was a lie; he wanted her more than he had ever wanted her in his life, but some instinct told him he would never further progress while she was in her present mood. But as she passed him on her way to the door he stopped her again.

"Oh, there's one thing that might interest you," he said. "I had a few minutes' talk with Lionel after you went out of the room. We have been completely on the wrong track. He doesn't know anything about that legacy."

A faint flicker of interest passed over her tired face, and she said, "That's something to be good, anyway," she said.

Ashley looked at her with scarcely veiled perplexity. Not having the clue to her apathy in his hands, he completely failed to comprehend why she still so far short of her former enthusiasm now that everything had been explained.

He could have understood, of course, that she might still feel the smart of resentment at his unjustifiable suspicion of her, but it was nothing approaching to resentment that she was showing now. In that case she would have been angry—would have withered him with that scorching flame of sarcasm she knew so well how to use.

He could have understood that, and he could have borne it; but this incomprehensible languor, this clear indifference to all that his statement ought to have meant to her, puzzled him beyond measure.

With the obtuseness which afforded such a contrast to his undeniable business acumen, he pursued the subject. The fact was that his brain, shrewd though it was in all that concerned his work, revolved in the narrowest of limits.

No man understood better than he the psychology of debtors. He was up to all their innumerable wiles and shifts, and he could read them like a book. Nevertheless, outside the walled-in space of that sordid class of experience he was quite lost. His persistent misunderstanding of Fay, of Lionel or of Jean Delavay was the clearest proof of this.

"Of course," he said, "I think I know what is worrying you. You are thinking there is a good deal still to explain. We were too precipitate, my love. We overreached ourselves. He laid it on the tip of his tongue to excuse himself at her expense, to point out, gently, of course, and with every attribute of forgiveness, that the overstepping of the bounds of discretion had been entirely her own handiwork; but at a glance at her face quelled the temptation.

"How?" she asked.

"Of course, we couldn't have foreseen it," he continued apologetically. "How Lionel came to discover that the girl had not sailed after all I can't understand even now. It was one of those twists of fortune which will upset even the cleverest of us. Yet I can't see that we need worry about it."

"No?"

"Well, need we? With your brains, dear, surely you can continue to wind him round your finger. For some reason best known to himself, old Robert Delavay hasn't told his daughter anything about the discovery he has made. We've only got to wheedle round Lionel with some likely story and let him have the money he wants, and he and his girl will be off to South Africa to-morrow."

The poverty of his argument and the clear impression he gave of a desire to lean on his wife's genius for conspiracy were the best tokens of the uneasiness which was besetting him. It showed very evident that he no longer relied on his own ability. At any cost he wanted to rouse his wife from the mental paralysis which had clouded her wits. He wanted back the old Fay, the Fay of the cunning, scheming readiness of resource he had known so well, and he laboured to this end with a persistence that was almost pathetic.

BAD NEWS.

FOR a moment he thought he had succeeded. A flash of the old temper showed itself in the quick denying of his eyes, but it was against him that it spent itself.

"What else is it you want me to do?" she exclaimed. "Haven't I already done more than you have any right to ask me in taking on my-

self the burden of the lie in order to save you? Didn't I tell Lionel, at your own request, that it was I who had concocted that report and booked the passage in the name of Jean Delavay? What more do you want me to do to save your precious skin?"

Ashley protested nervously. "Surely we needn't talk like that, my dear," he said, with mild reproach. "Anyone would think we had separate interests in this business. We must cling together. It's more for you than for myself that I am putting up this fight. And it was you who suggested the importance of keeping me out of it. You must admit that."

Fay uttered a staccato laugh, and from the twist of her lips Ashley prepared himself for a torrent of sarcasm. Indeed, with a little more control of herself, it would have come. The strain of the last weeks was telling on her. The accumulation of worry and terror, sweeping through her tormented brain, gathered itself at that moment into one vast whirlwind of hatred for the man who stood there lacerating her with his oily, deprecating smile. But Fay was a woman, and the flash-point of her anger was hysteria.

The sneer which had seemed the prelude to a storm of words passed for a moment as it gathered strength and then broke out into a paroxysm of shrill laughter. Ashley, who knew the signs only too well, rushed forward and took her in his arms. She made no effort to extricate herself from his embrace, but stood for a minute sobbing and shaking as the fit left her.

"You are ill, my dear," he said contritely. "I ought to have remembered. I am a brute to worry you, therefore, there we'll go away to the Continent as you proposed, and take little Eric with us. Don't, my dear, don't. It's all right. There's nothing to worry about."

Every man is more or less helpless with an overwrought woman, and Ashley, tactless, clumsy and ignorant of the sex, was at his wife's end. He dared not ring the bell for water in case the servants should see the condition of their mistress and suspect. Already by his indiscreet questions of the footman in the hall he had given them too much reason to discuss his domestic affairs.

He, therefore, poured on her a flood of soothing commonplace, and when he felt by his weight on his arm that she was threatening to fall he led her gently to a chair, and, watching her with profound anxiety for a moment, hurried from the room to fetch the carafe.

His mind, as he sped along the hall and up the stairs, was filled with a turmoil of doubts and fears—formless and vague for the most

part, but none the less horrible on that account. He feared, for Ashley, a worry defined lost all its terror. Now, he had no conception of what he had to face; his danger was shadowy, however keenly he strained his vision to comprehend it.

The one fact that loomed out of the murk was that Fay was ill. Why she was ill or what secret trouble was weighing her down he could not imagine. The look he had seen on her face haunted him, and yet—terrified though he was at the glimpse of it—its very intensity prevented him from doing the obvious thing.

That would have been to summon a doctor, but if he thought passed through his mind it, was only to be dismissed the next moment.

AN ENGAGEMENT.



Miss Jane Denton, whose engagement to Captain Hubert Francis Burke, R.G.A., is announced. The bridegroom-elect is a son of Lieutenant-Colonel W. St. George Burke. (London Stereoscopic.)

The instinct that no doctor can minister to a mind diseased, the fear of what Fay, in some delirium might divulge, combined to make the idea distasteful.

He had procured the jug of water, and was hurrying back with it when he met Paker, the butler in the hall. The man's face was very grave.

"I was just coming to fetch you, sir," he said breathlessly. "I'm afraid there's rather bad news."

There will be another long instalment to-morrow.

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THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP



Prince Leopold.

A Brave Prince.

Following the example of the Prince of Wales, the eldest son of King Albert of Belgium is now at the front. Prince Leopold is fourteen years of age, and when the Germans bombarded Antwerp he was packed off to England with his younger brother, Prince Charles, and their little sister, Princess Marie José. There they found hospitality with Lord Curzon, while Queen Elisabeth remained with the King in Flanders.

At the Front.

But Prince Leopold wanted to be with the army, wanted to see something of the war, and finally his father yielded to his supplications and allowed him to come over to Flanders. During the past few days he has visited a number of field ambulances, and under the direction of King Albert, he has seen the trenches and been presented to the valiant Belgian Army.

Aviation and Poetry.

The young Prince, besides being Europe's handsomest royal boy, is precocious in the best sense of the term. When he was twelve he wanted to be an aviator, and after much coaxing persuaded his father to let him take a little flight towards the sky. Before he wanted to be a "sky pilot" he was a poet—aged eleven—and suffered rather severely from the caustic criticisms of his brother Charles, Count of Flanders, and his sister, Princess Marie. Nursery critics are not as kind to young authors as are the tired gentlemen who write for the newspapers.

A Gallant Baby.

Even when he was a month old Prince Leopold figured as the hero of a charming little ceremony. His mother, the Queen of the Belgians, superintends a charitable organisation for children's country holidays, and the mothers of these children presented to her a Brussels lace cushion for baby. The baby prince was presented to the deputation, and King Albert—then Prince Albert—observed that he was already a gallant, for finding himself in the presence of so many ladies he resolutely refused to cry.

At St. Peter's, Eaton-square.

The Bishop of London, with the Dean of Ossory, performed the ceremony at the wedding yesterday of Captain James George Butler, 1st Life Guards, eldest son of Lord Arthur Butler, with the Hon. Sibyl Fellowes, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady De Ramsey. The bridegroom is the nephew of the Marquis of Ormonde and his second heir, for Lord Ormonde has no son.

In White and Silver.

The bride—so one of the guests tells me—was given away by her uncle, the Hon. Sir Ailwyn Fellowes, owing to the absence of Lord De Ramsey, who is a prisoner in Germany. She wore a graceful gown of white and silver brocade, trimmed with a flounce of old Brussels lace—her mother's gift—and her veil was of the same lace, the one which had been worn by Lady De Ramsey and her three daughters—the Hon. Mrs. Ferdinand Stanley, Lady Guernsey (who is now a widow), and Lady Esme Gordon-Lennox.

A Little Page.

The little Lord Guernsey acted as page attendant and wore a Court suit of sapphire blue velvet, but there were no bridesmaids. My friend noted, too, that the bride wore the diamond Butler knot given her by the bridegroom and possessed by all members of the Butler family.

The Little Ones.

I have some suspicion that a number of our soldiers' little children are not getting all the good things they deserve. I saw a lot of them at a matinee the other day, and many looked pinched and hungry. I therefore move a resolution now that more people go in for raising food and fewer people go in for raising food prices.

Eorn Near the Trenches.

A man of Kent who knows every inch of his county and loves it told me yesterday that Sir John French has every reason to know something of trenches. French, he explained, was born at Ripole, in Kent, where there are remains of some of the oldest entrenchments in the country.

Perfume at the Palace.

All our actor-managers get to the musicals sooner or later. The latest is Mr. Oscar Asche, who, with charming Miss Lily Brayton, gave us an episode in the life of that diverting Beggar of Bagdad, Hajj, at the Palace on Monday night. I took a seat near the orchestra, and was somewhat overcome by the heavy Eastern perfumes that were wafted over the footlights.

Cakes and Dancers.

The little Eastern play is, to tell the truth, rather too atmospheric. But the end is dramatic enough, and Miss Brayton and Mr. Asche, of course, acted splendidly and had a royal reception. I liked the dance of the Eastern girls very much, but had no wish to taste the marble-looking cake which is an important item in the play's plot. It looked indigestion all over.

An Empir. Club.

With so many men home from the Colonies, the Empire has become a sort of all-British club where Britishers from the four corners of the globe, gathered together now in the cause of King and Motherland, meet to chat and watch an entertainment that appeals to all in its variety.

Sybil the Harlequin.

When I looked in on Monday night a large audience was enjoying a charming French song and a harlequinade number as delivered by Miss Sybil Arundale. I like this artist. She has a strong personality. She looks firm—and yet not hard. Don't you agree?



Miss Sybil Arundale looks firm.

New Revues.

By the way, when the new Empire revue is produced the cast, to use a phrase of Charles Dickens, will be "a fair staggerer." The new revue at the Alhambra is to be called simply "1915." It will contain little or no reference to war and no patriotic scenes. For this relief much thanks!

And Others.

Before this comes to town, I think the new Arthur Wimperis show from the Palace will have been staged. Then, of course, we are all expecting the Barrie-Deslys affair at the Duke of York's. London looks like being snowed under by revues shortly.

Odds and Ends.

Meanwhile, I feel a sort of personal pride in reminding you that "Odds and Ends," that clever Franco-British revue at the Ambassadors, celebrates its 150th performance to-night. They tell me that I was the first to prophesy the great success of this "real" revue.

Like Father—Like Son.

A "neutral" correspondent in Germany who has been praising the Kaiser and all his misdeeds says that the Clown Prince is growing more like the War Lord every day. "He will grow into the image of his illustrious father," says the rapturous one. Which reminds me of the American poet who writes:—

When Rastus Johnson's son arrived
He looked just like his poppy:
In fact, the doctors all declared
He was a carbon copy.

The Saluting Habit.

The habit of saluting has its dangers. For example, an officer friend tells me that repeatedly he finds it necessary to check an involuntary tendency to salute at inopportune moments. The other day he was going down Piccadilly, wrapped in thought, when a girl passing by raised her hand to adjust her hat. Before my friend could restrain himself he had smartly, though sub-consciously, returned the "salute." And she was a complete stranger, too! I dare say that the girl will forgive him in these military days. Perhaps she was rather amused.

Germans Don't Like America.

"We're 'in bad' with the Germans now," said an American journalist who had just returned from a tour of Germany. He told me that Americans, despite their neutrality, are now heartily disliked in Germany, whereas before the war they were regarded as "mothers' pets," as he expressed it. The comic papers are lampooning Uncle Sam in almost every issue, and the popular detestation of Americans is not even concealed.

Tact?

A waiter in a provincial hotel said: "You're making a good thing out of the war, but why do you pretend to want peace?" The cashier of a Berlin bank who changed an American gold coin sneeringly said: "I suppose there's plenty of English gold in America now. The English always pay well for services rendered." In a Munich cigar shop, where he was talking in English with a friend, the proprietor rudely ordered him to leave, saying: "You can talk and act like the English in America as much as you please, but not in my shop." Tactful Huns!

Hind, We Drink to You.

During the last few weeks Hindenburg has become a sort of obsession with Germans. Some men drinking beer at a restaurant wrote him a postcard that they had just had a round of drinks in his honour and wished him luck. This sort of thing is carried to such excess that Hindenburg gets over 5,000 letters a day.

Just a Little Business.

The wily Hun does love to do a "leettle business," even in war time. His favourite occupation is to worm himself into British business circles, but now this is impossible so he diverts his attention to the German Army. According to the *Berliner Tageblatt*, merchants from all over Germany are flooding officers and men at the front with catalogues, circulars and price lists of everything under the sun, from shields to fire-lighters. The nuisance has got to such a pitch that these too enterprising tradesmen are warned that they will lose custom if they do not alter their little ways.

Two Silks.

I looked into the Law Courts the other afternoon—they are such a change from theatres, and often far more amusing—and enjoyed some facetious moments in the "Hotel Cecil and Workhouse" case.

This action, by the way, brought into legal conflict in a civil court two K.C.s in the persons of Mr. Marshall Hall and Mr. Ernest Wild, who have made much of their reputations at the Criminal Bar.

Strong in Defence.

As for Mr. Ernest Wild, he has been very successful in civil and criminal cases. He has conducted some sensational defences, notably that of Gardiner, who was thrice tried for the Peasenhall murder, the jury disagreeing every time. Oddly enough, he also defended a woman who was accused of murdering her husband at Norwich, and in her case two juries disagreed and the prosecution was dropped.

Kaiser's Favourite Soup.

An English lady formerly at the German Court has given me the recipe of the following soup, of which I understand the Kaiser is so fond that he has it twice and three times a week. A pint and a half of water to every pound of potatoes, which should be peeled and sliced. Boil slowly for two hours, adding salt and pepper and meat extract. A couple of asparagus sticks, a cauliflower and some mixed herbs should be minced, mixed with butter and allowed to simmer by a not too hot fire in a covered earthenware pot. This is served in the soup.

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For Austria-Hungary—Separation.
For Prussianism—Annihilation.
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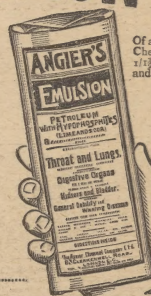
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Messrs. Savory & Moore are making a special offer of a Free Trial Tin of their food. This will be forwarded to all readers of "The Daily Mirror" who fill in the coupon below and send it with 2d. in stamps for postage. Send at once.

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To Savory & Moore 154 Chemists to The King, New Bond St. London. Please send me the Free Trial Tin of your food. I enclose 2d. for postage.

Name

Address

D.M. 24/15.



"We all love it."

"Ever so many thanks for the perfectly splendid 'Cafe au Lait.' We all love it, and I should be very glad if you could send me another dozen 'tins.' The beauty of it is that it is so easy to make, and for the Treacher it is most awfully 'comforting.' From an officer in Suffolk Regt.

Try a cup of this delightful Cafe au Lait yourself, but be sure it is

MILKMAID BRAND
Cafe au Lait
KOFFAY-O-LAY

Not an essence or anything of that sort—simply the finest freshly-roasted Coffee expertly made with rich full cream milk, which brings out to the full the exquisite natural aroma of the Coffee. Requires the addition of boiling water only.

Sold in 2d. and 4d. tins by all Grocers and Stores. Large Sample Tin sent free on receipt of name and address of Grocer and 2d. in stamps.

Milkmaid Brand, B. Depot, 6-8, Eastcheap, London.



DAMAGES FOR NATURALISED GERMAN.

P. 17033



Mr. Otto Simon Ortweiler (the figure in the tall hat) and his two sons, who are wearing the King's uniform, leaving the Law Courts yesterday. Mr. Ortweiler, who is a naturalised German, brought an action for libel which arose out of the war, and was awarded £250 damages.

"OUGHT TO APOLOGISE."

Jury's Recommendation in Awarding Damages to Naturalised German.

That defendants should apologise in trade papers was a statement by the jury in the King's Bench yesterday when Mr. Otto S. Ortweiler was awarded £250 damages in a libel action against Messrs. Ormiston and Glass.

Both plaintiff and defendants, said counsel, were fancy leather goods merchants, plaintiff being a German who had carried on business for many years in England and had been naturalised.

Counsel read two circulars which plaintiff issued after the outbreak of the war. The defendants, he said, published a trade bulletin in which they commented on one of the plaintiff's circulars as follows:—

This is the most amusing trade circular I have ever read. For many years Ortweiler and Co. have posed as a firm of German manufacturers, and were engaged in a trade war to capture British trade for Germany, and now they turn tail and pose as a British firm, and carry on a trade war against Germany. There's patriotism for you. The patriotism of Ortweiler and Co. is a negotiable commodity. The German firm of Ortweiler and Co., from their factory at Offenbach, now appeal to their British customers to pay their accounts, and so help to carry on a trade war against Germany. The convicts sent out to Botany Bay fifty years ago used to sing:—

True patriots we, for it we understood.

We left our country for our country's good. Counsel said plaintiff had no desire to make capital out of the case, and if damages were awarded he would be prepared to hand over the money to one of the war funds. Two of his sons were in a British Officers' Training Corps.

Mr. Ortweiler, giving evidence, said that he ceased to be of German nationality in 1888, when he became denaturalised. He became a British subject in 1897.

In 1896 he started business in this country. He had a branch at Frankfurt-on-Main.

A certain portion of the goods he sold were made in London, the witness went on.

Mr. James Glass, managing director of Messrs. Ormiston and Glass, then gave evidence.

He had no personal spite against Mr. Ortweiler. He was fond of skits, and thought his customers would be amused by what he put in the circular.

NEWS ITEMS.

London's Education to Cost Less.

A decrease of £48,260 is shown under the head of net expenditure (£3,563,385) in the London County Council education estimates for 1915-16.

Mme. Bernhardt Going On Well.

BORDEAUX, Feb. 23.—A bulletin issued at five o'clock this evening states that the condition of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt continues to be very good.—Reuter.

The King's New Page of Honour.

The King, it was stated in yesterday's *London Gazette*, has appointed Francis Edward Stonor, Esq., to be page of honour to his Majesty, in place of Aesheton P. C. Howe, Esq., resigned.

L.C.C. Member Wounded at the Front.

News was received at the London County Council yesterday that Mr. Courtould, of the Army Medical Corps, one of the representatives for North Lambeth, had been wounded at the front.

Lone Lifeboat in Atlantic.

The Swedish steamer *Vala*, which arrived at Esbjerg yesterday from America with oilcake, reports, says Reuter, having picked up in the Atlantic an iron-built lifeboat, bearing the name Theodore Palmer, New London.

Epsom Grand Stand Question Solved.

The Epsom war hospital question was settled yesterday, it being decided that during the race weeks the hospital authorities shall have wards on two floors instead of on three as at present, and the floor thus vacated will be used by the Grand Stand Association.

SUNLOCH SCRATCHED.

Sunloch, the winner of last year's Grand National, was struck out of this season's race at 9 a.m. yesterday. Luttrell III, who was successful in 1909, is reported by his trainer to be slightly lame.

MATT WELLS' £500 MATCH.

A twenty-rounds boxing match for a purse of £500 has been arranged to take place at the London Opera House on March 22, between Matt Wells and Sergeant Basham, Welsh Fencibles, welterweight champion of Great Britain.

SHE DARKENED HER GREY HAIR.

A Well-known Lady Darkened Her Grey Hair and Stimulated Its Growth by a Simple Home Process.

SHE TELLS HOW SHE DID IT.

A well-known society lady who darkened her grey hair by a simple home process made the following statement: "Any lady or gentleman can darken their grey or faded hair, stimulate its growth and make it soft and glossy with this simple recipe, which they can mix at home. To half a pint of water add 1oz. of bay rum, 1 small box of Orlex Compound and 1oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be purchased at any chemist at very little cost. Apply to the hair every other day until the grey hair is darkened sufficiently, then every two weeks. This mixture relieves scalp troubles and is excellent for dandruff and falling hair. It does not stain the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. It will make a grey-haired person look 10 to 20 years younger."—(Advt.)



Hall's Wine NOW

WITH Influenza raging there is more urgent need than ever to "keep up" your bodily powers with Hall's Wine.

Besides being the best safeguard against attack, Hall's Wine is the safest and surest restorer of health after attack.

A doctor writes: "After Influenza, the tonic and restorative powers of Hall's Wine are marvellous." Thousands of doctors are prescribing Hall's Wine daily. Be wise in time; start a course of Hall's Wine now!

Hall's Wine

THE NATIONAL RESTORATIVE. Invaluable for Coughs, Colds, Influenza and all Winter Ailments.

GUARANTEE. Buy a bottle of Hall's Wine to-day. If after taking half of it you feel no real benefit, restore us the half-empty bottle within 14 days and we refund your outlay.

Extra Large size, 36s.; smaller size, 24s. Of Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers, etc. STEPHEN SMITH & CO., LTD., BOW, LONDON, E.

Calox

The Oxygen Tooth Powder

The moment Calox comes in contact with the moisture of the mouth, the teeth and gums are bathed in purifying oxygen, the bacteria of decay destroyed, the breath made odourless, the whole mouth cleansed and invigorated. Use Calox regularly, and increased beauty and longer usefulness for your teeth will be your sure reward.

CALOX SENT FREE

A postcard will bring you a generously-sized testing sample of Calox by return. Calox is sold ordinarily by Chemists at 1/6. Calox Tooth Brush strongly recommended by G. B. KENT & SONS, LD., 75, FARRINGTON ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

LUNTIN MIXTURE



A Blend of the Finest Tobaccos.

6d. per 2/- Quarter Pound ounce.

THOMSON & PORTEOUS, EDINBURGH.

Manufacturers of the above and also

ALDERWOOD MIXTURE PER OUNCE 5½d.
TWO HOURS MIXTURE PER OUNCE 5d.

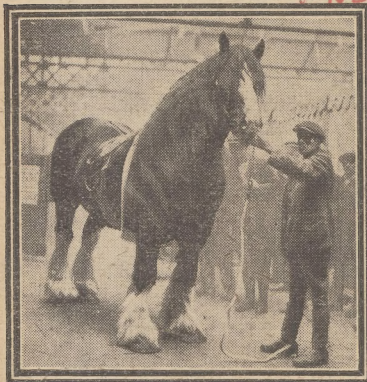
The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

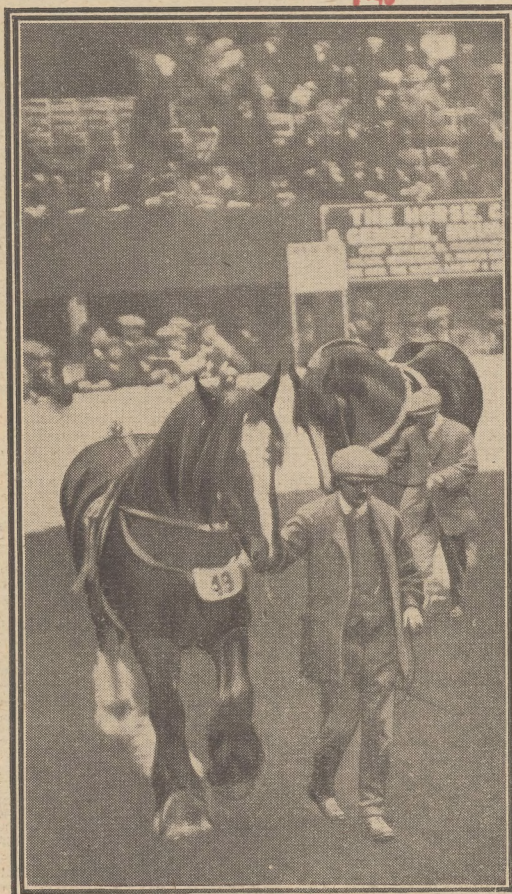
WHAT PAPER shall I send to the front? Why! there is only one that will give complete satisfaction, and that is the WEEKLY EDITION of the "DAILY MIRROR." On sale at all newsagents EVERY FRIDAY, PRICE 3d.; or let us send it for 13 weeks for 6s. 6d.

Address—The Manager, Overseas "Daily Mirror," 23-23, Bouverie-st., London, E.C.

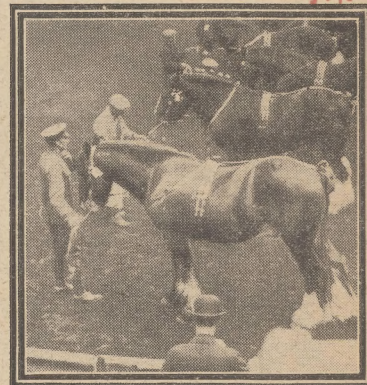
ONE OF KING GEORGE'S HORSES WINS A PRIZE AT THE SHIRE SHOW.



Danesfield Stonewall, the heaviest horse in the show. It weighs 25cwt.

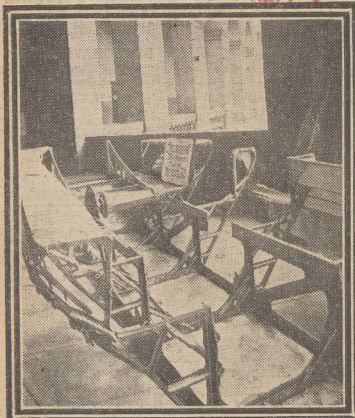


The King's horse Blackmore being led round the enclosure at the Horse Show. His Majesty exhibited four horses, and one secured fifth prize. The entries were fewer than is usual owing to the war. —(Daily Mirror photographs.)



Class 2 standing "at attention" in the ring. Note the soldier in the foreground.

THE REMAINS OF A ZEP.



All that remains of Zeppelin No. 8, as shown in one of the French museums of war trophies.

WON'T STOP THE PIRATES



Dutchmen painting the national colours on the side of a merchant ship to show that the vessel is neutral.

PRETTY MILITARY WEDDING: THE HON. SIBYL FELLOWES MARRIES CAPTAIN BUTLER.



Lord Somers outside the church.



The bride and bridegroom leaving after the ceremony.



The page carried a crooked stick.

The marriage was celebrated at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, yesterday of the Hon. Sibyl Fellowes, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady de Ramsey, and Captain J. G. Butler,

of the 1st Life Guards. The bridegroom is the eldest son of Lord and Lady Arthur Butler. —(Daily Mirror photographs.)